

# ANIMAL

COMICS

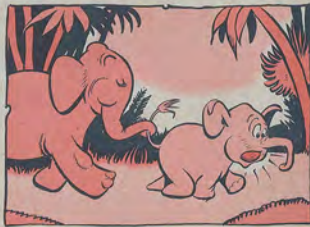
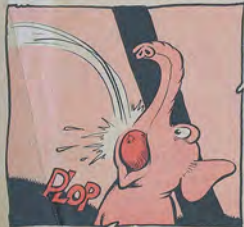
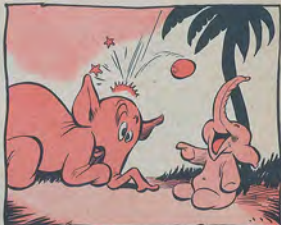
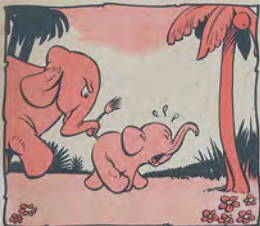
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# elephunnies







TAKE YOUR SEATS AND TUNE UP.



PLUNKEE SKREEEEN!  
PLUNK!  
HONK!



ALL TOGETHER, NOW!



OH, MY EARS! WHAT A RACKET!



STOP THAT INFERNAL NOISE! YOU'VE SPOILED  
MY NAP AND YOU'RE DRIVING  
ME CRAZY!



WE DIDN'T MEAN TO WAKE YOU,  
UNCLE WIGGILY. IF YOU LIKE,  
WE WILL PLAY YOU AN OLD-  
FASHIONED LULLABY.



NOW WE'LL PUT UNCLE WIGGILY TO SLEEP.



AH-H-H! THAT'S REAL MUSIC, SWEET  
AN' LOW AN' DROWSY!





ICE CREAM SANDWICHES! DEELICIOUS  
ICE CREAM SANDWICHES...



THERE'S MR. TWISTYTAIL, THE ICE  
CREAM MAN! HE'S THE VERY ONE  
TO HELP US...



COME ON, SUSIE AND SAMWE...



LET'S HAVE 3 ICE CREAM  
SANDWICHES AND ALL  
YOUR BALLOONS!

CERTAINLY, UNCLE  
WIGGILY... BUT WHY  
SO MANY BALLOONS?



I'LL SHOW YOU AS SOON AS  
I'VE FINISHED THIS.



ONE MORE WILL BE  
ENOUGH, I THINK.

I'LL TIE IT ON THE  
BACK, UNCLE WIGGILY!



MY! MY! I'M LIGHT  
AS A FEATHER?

WE'LL HOLD  
YOU DOWN.

TILL WE  
GET TO THE  
TREE.



UNCLE WIGGILY BOUGHT THEM ALL,  
SO I'LL LEAVE THE REST HERE.







LOOKEE NURSE JANE! UNCLE WIGGILY'S JUST A TEENY-WEENY SPECK IN THE SKY.



P. POOR UNCLE WIGGILY... SOB, SOB... WE'LL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN!



DEAR ME! I WONDER IF I EVER AM GOING TO STOP RISING!



THERE'S A CARRIER WITH THE AIRMAIL... AHOY, THERE!



WHY THE S.O.S.? YOU'RE O.K.!... I'VE NO TIME TO FOOL AROUND!

BUT I NEED YOUR HELP TO GET HOME!



JUST FLY DOWN TO NURSE JANE AND TELL HER TO SEND ME A PAIR OF SCISSORS, SPECIAL DELIVERY, TO CUT ONE OF THESE BALLOONS LOOSE...



NONSENSE! IF I FLY ERRANDS FOR EVERYBODY, I'LL NEVER MAKE MY MAIL SCHEDULE.



OH, MY EARS AND TAIL... A FLOCK OF WASPS.



YUMMY! CHERRIES!

GROWIN' IN DE AIR...



HEY, LEAVE 'EM ALONE!









OH, BOY! I FEEL LIGHTER ALREADY.



ME TOO! I HAVE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A BIRD.

OH... THE PIPESAW AND THE SKEEZICKS ARE STEALING OUR BALLOONS!



THEY'LL COME DOWN SOON ENOUGH! THIEVES NEVER GET ANY REAL GOOD OUT OF WHAT THEY STEAL!



I W-WANTED TO GO FLYING TOO!

DON'T CRY, SUSIE AND SAMMIE! SOME DAY I'LL MAKE YOU A FINE AIRSHIP!



BUT JUST NOW I MUST FINISH MY NAP—



AHA! THERE'S OLD WIGGILY LONGEARS SOUND ASLEEP... WE'LL SETTLE HIS HASH...



OH, MY! PIRATES!

SHHHHH... ZZZZZ...





COME, COME! YOU FOXES WILL BE SORRY FOR THIS!

NOT MUCH WE WON'T...

HELP!



WE'LL TAKE YOU TO OUR ISLAND AND HOLD YOU FOR RANSOM.

NURSE JANE WILL HAVE TO SEND US TWO DOZEN CAKES, A BUSHEL OF COOKIES...



IF YOU GET THEM, YOU'LL HAVE INDIGESTION — NO GOOD COMES FROM BEING BAD, YOU KNOW.



HA, HA, WE'RE HAVING FUN FROM BEING BAD, RIGHT NOW.

HAW... YOU CAN'T SCARE US, OLD WIGGLY... LONGEARS...



HELP, SUSIE... SAMMY... NURSE JANE, HELP!



THE BAD PIRATE FOXES HAVE CAPTURED UNCLE WIGGLY!

OH THAT'S AWFUL! WHAT SHALL WE DO?



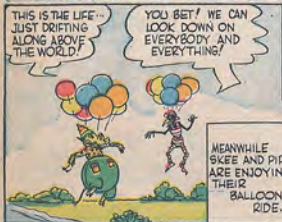
NURSE JANE! NURSE JANE! THE PIRATE FOXES HAVE UNCLE WIGGLY ON THEIR RAFT.



LET'S RUN DOWN TO THE DOCK...

MAYBE WE CAN SEE FROM THERE!

OH ME, OH MY! WHAT'S NEXT?







WAIT!  
HEY TAKE US  
ABOARD!

PIP AND SKEE,  
HO, HO!



AHA! HO, HO! THIS IS THE BEST  
JOKE EVER.



I TOLD THEM BAD PEOPLE NEVER  
REALLY HAD A GOOD TIME!

WITH A FEW HARD  
TWISTS AND PULLS  
UNCLE WIGGILY  
FREES HIMSELF...



HAVE A NICE SWIM, AND THANKS  
FOR THE RAFT...

GRRRR! YOU  
THINK YOU'RE  
SMART!



BACK AGAIN, FOLKS! NOW  
I'LL TAKE YOU FOR A  
NICE SAIL!

SNELL!

OH, GOODY!



WIGGILY LONGEARS!  
DONT YOU EVER HAVE  
ENOUGH ADVENTURE?

NEVER, MY DEAR  
NURSE FUZZY WOZZY!



I'LL TELL YOU A SECRET — ADVENTURES  
ARE WHAT KEEP ME SO YOUNG AND SPRY  
FOR AN OLD GENTLEMAN RABBIT!



# Blackie

## HOW TO OUTSMART A WOLF

COPR. FAMOUS  
1944 studios

GOSH, THAT WOLF IS AN AWFUL  
NUISANCE! I WISH WE WERE STRONG  
ENOUGH TO GIVE HIM A GOOD  
LICKING!

YEH, TOO BAD  
WE DON'T  
HAVE ANY  
MUSCLES.



MUSCLES? HEY, LOOK!  
I'VE GOT A MUSCLE!

?



WHY, SO YOU HAVE!  
BUT I DIDN'T KNOW  
YOU HAD MUSCLES!

GOSH, WHAT A BEAUTIFUL  
DEVELOPMENT!

OH, I  
DEVELOPED THIS IN  
THE LAST FIVE MIN-  
UTES-IT'S STILL  
A LITTLE  
ITCHY!



ITCHY? WHY, THAT'S  
A MOSQUITO  
BITE!

HA,  
HA, HA!

WELL, MAYBE  
IT IS, BUT  
ISN'T IT A BEAUT?



YEH, BUT WE CAN'T LICK  
THE WOLF WITH A MOSQUITO  
BITE! I'LL HAVE TO FIGURE  
A—

HEY  
BLACKIE,  
LOOK  
AT THIS!



MMM, THAT'S  
VERY  
INTERESTING!

OH BOY! I'VE ALWAYS  
WANTED TO OWN A  
PUNY—A SHETLAND  
PUNY!



NO, THAT ISN'T WHAT  
IT MEANS... SAY, I THINK  
WE'LL GO SEE PROFESSOR  
BULGE!



PROF. BULGE PROMISES WE'LL HAVE MUSCLES JUST LIKE HIS, AFTER WE FINISH HIS SPECIAL TWO HOUR COURSE!

LET'S TAKE TWO TWO HOUR COURSES... THEN WE'LL BE SURE OF LICKING THE WOLF!

NO, ONE COURSE WILL BE ENOUGH—WE MIGHT GET TOO STRONG AND KILL THE WOLF, AND WE DON'T WANT THAT TO HAPPEN.



AH, HERE WE ARE!

PROF. BULGE'S STRENGTH SALON  
MUSCLES MADE WHILE U WAIT



OH, OH! CUSTOMERS!

KNOCK!  
KNOCK!



OHMIGOSH! WHERE DID I PUT MY MUSCLES?



I'M ALWAYS MISLAYING THOSE THINGS—AH, HERE THEY ARE!

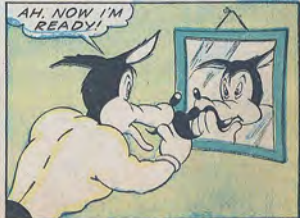


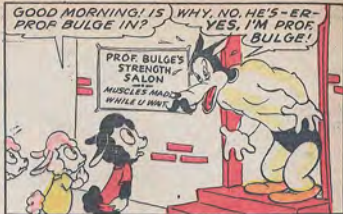
I'D BETTER HURRY OR THOSE SUCKERS MIGHT CHANGE THEIR MINDS!

GETTING INTO UNION SUIT WITH BUILT-IN MUSCLES.



AH, NOW I'M READY!

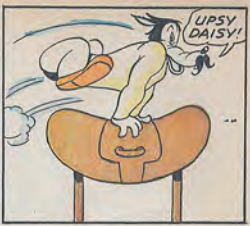




OKAY! FIRST WE'LL HAVE A BRISK WORKOUT ON THE "HORSE"—FOLLOW ME!



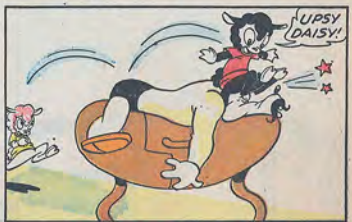
UPSY DAISY!



OOOF!



UPSY DAISY!



UPSY DAISY!

UPSY DAISY!

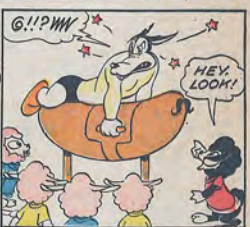
WHAT DO WE DO NOW, PROFESSOR?

GET OFF!



@!!?!!!

HEY, LOOK!



PROFESSOR, LOOK! YOUR "HORSE" HAS A MUSTACHE, TOO!

FUNNY WE DIDN'T NOTICE IT BEFORE.



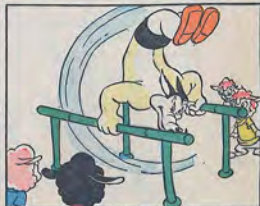
ER-YES, HE'S AN OLD FASHIONED "HORSE"—HEH, HEH! ALL OLD TIME GYM "HORSES" HAVE MUSTACHES! HEH, HEH, HEH!

HEH, HEH!

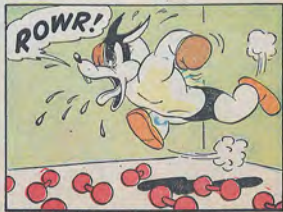
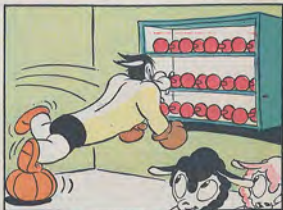
HEH!

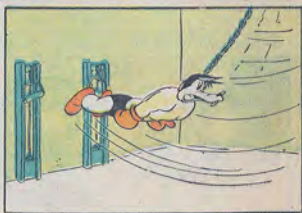
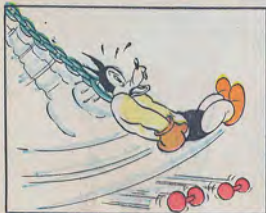
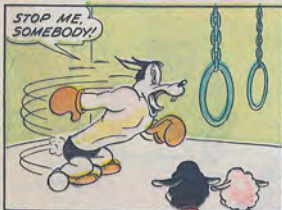
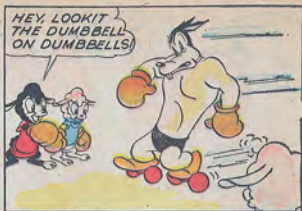
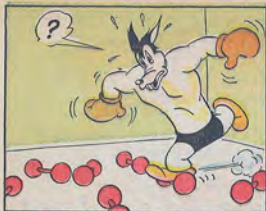














# OL' ALBERT

is really a

# Deer

BLESS MA LI'L OL' SE'F—DAT'S A FEMALE DEER CHILE WIF A LUNCH BASKET!



YOO HOO, LI'L OL' DEER CHILE! WHERE YOU BOUND FO', HONEY, AN' WHATEVAH COULD BE YO' SWEET NAME?



MY PRIVATE NAME IS UPSY DAISY. AH IS BRINGIN' MY UNCLE ANTLER A BASKET OF GOODIES BECAUSE IT JUST NATURALLY IS HIS BIRTHDAY!



WELL, WELL, UPSY DAISY, ALLOW A GENT'MAN TO CARRY YO' BASKET FO' YOU!



VERY WELL, YO' GREAT BIG PROTECTIVE MAN, YOU! AH IS GOIN' OVAH THIS WAY.

LEAD AWAY, MA DEAR; AH WILL BRING UP DE REAR



IT SURE IS FRIENDLY THAT  
AH MET YOU, MR.—UH—MR—  
WHAT DID YOU EVAH SAY  
YOUR NAME WAS?

MUNCH, CRUNCH, YOMF—  
MMM! AH IS A FELLER  
NAME OF ALBERT.



**ALBERT!**

WHY, MERCY ME!  
THAT'S THE NAME  
OF A NOTORIOUS  
ALLIGATOR!

**BUMP!**



MA VERY OWN GRACIOUS! ARE  
YOU AN ALLIGATOR?

IS AH A WHUT?  
NO, MAM! AH IS  
MERELY A  
RHINOCERUST.

OH—AH APOLOGIZES!  
AH WOULDN'T KNOW  
A ALLIGATOR FROM  
A RHINOCERUST.

AH AXCEPTS YO'  
APOLOGY! YO' KIN  
ALLUS TELL A  
'GATOR BY HIS  
HORNS, MAM.

MA SAKES! AH NEVER HAVE  
SEEN MA UNCLE ANTLER,  
—BUT HE WROTE ME A  
SWEET LETTER...



AN' HE SAID THAT  
THIS ALBERT TH'  
ALLIGATOR IS A  
NO GOOD, NO COUNT  
THIEF AN' A TRAMP  
TO BOOT!

**WHUT'S DAT?**

WHY, I'LL  
BUST HIM  
IN DE  
NOSE!

DO YOU MEAN YOU'LL JUST  
NATURALLY PUNCH THIS OL'  
'GATOR IN THE NOSE 'CAUSE  
YOU HATES A CROOK AND  
A THIEF?

ULP—UM—  
WHY—  
NATCHERAL,  
AH DO!



HALT AN' STOP, MA CHILE-AH JES REMEMBER DE PRESIDUMP OF THE UNINETY STATES IS COMIN FO' LUNCH-AH GOTTA GO.



WELL, THANK YOU FO' CARRYIN' MA BASKET-WHY, POWDER MA NOSE-IT'S EMPTY!



AH MUST HAVE LOST ALL THOSE GOODIES!

YO' MUST OF SHO' NUFF-GOOM BYE, UPSY DAISY.



OH, DEAR ME! WHATEVAH WILL AH DO? MA UNCLE ANTLER IS EXPECTIN' ME, AN' AH LOST THOSE BIRTHDAY GOODIES!



MA SAKES, BUMBAZINE' PEARS LIKE SOME PO' UNFORTUNATE PUSSON IS A CRYIN' OUT THEY EYES OUT BEHIME THEM BUSHES.

MAN, MAN! AH KIN HEAR TEARS SPLASHIN' FUM HERE, POGO!

MMMP! DERE GOES DEM TWO REE-FORMERS! DEY GONE DO GOOD ONCET TOO OFTEN!



WHUTEVER IN DE' WORL' IS DE MATTER, LIL' DEER CHILE?

AH HAS LOST ALL MA GOODIES- THAT AH WAS TAKIN' TO UNCLE ANTLER FO' HIS BIRTHDAY!

AH HAS A SNEAKIN SUSPICION! THAT A GENTLEMAN CALLING HIMSELF A RHINOCERUST STOLE MA THINGS.

WHO DAT PUT YOU IN MIND OF?

PUSSON NAME OF ALBERT!



THERE'S MO' GOODIES AT HOME, BUT AH B'LEEVE AH'LL BE ROBBED AGAIN!



US WILL GO TELL YO' UNCLE ANTLER TO VISIT YOU INSTEAD— DEN NOBODY KIN ROB OL' UNCLE ANTLER! WHUT HE LOOK LIKE?



HE HAS HORNS LIKE TREE BRANCHES AN' HE WEARS A BROWN FUR COAT.

US SHO' IS CHARMIN' AN' CONSIDERATE LIL' FOLKS!



YOU GO 'ZONG HOME AN' PREE-PARE A DEE-LICIOUS AND DEE-LIGHTFUL BIRFDAY FO' UNCLE ANTLER.



DON' SEND HIM FO' 'BOUT AN HOUR.



MAN-MAN- DIS IS MADE TO ORDER!



AH WILL MAKE DE MOST OF DIS SITCHERATION!



BRANCHES FO' HORNS...



A BROWN FUR COAT WHAT B'LONG TO COUSIN CONCERTINA...



AN' AH IS ON MA WAY TO UNCLE ANTLER'S PARTY!





AH DO DECLAH-IF THAT ISN'T OL' UNCLE ANTLER ROWIN' UP ALREADY!

HOWDY! HOWDY!!



MA CHILE, HOW IS YOU-?

H'LO, UNCLE ANTLER.



ISN'T ANYTHING READY FO' A PARTY, UNCLE, BUT AN'LL JUST BRING ON THE FOOD.

AH BRING MA OWN TOOLS, HONEY.



GOO'NESS ME! YOU EAT AN' EAT AN' EAT! AN' NOW YOU ARE SMOKIN' DE WINDOW SHADE FO' A SEE-GAR!

UMP!  
DEE-LISHUS MA CHILE!



YESSIRREE! I RECKON YE YOUNG UNS WERE SMART SURPRISED TO FIND OUT UNCLE ANTLER WAS A NORTH-ERN MOOSE, HEY?



GUESS YE DON'T GIT MANY YANKEES DOWN THISAWAY, HEY? COME DOWN HERE IN NINETEEN-UGHT-TWENTY F'R A BLKS CONVENTION AN' BEEN HERE EVER SENCE.



WHY, UNCLE ANTLER, YOU IS CALL ALBERT A "HOPPIN' FROG." NO SELF SUSPECTIN' GENTMAN GATOR KIN STOMMICK DEM WORDS, SPEC'LY AFTER A HEAVY MEAL!



VERY WELL, MY SOUTHERN FRIED FRIEND, I NAMES THE AGE OLD WEAPON OF US NORTHERN MOOSES,

**HORNS!** I WILL SEE YOU ON THE FIELD OF HONOR!

OH, YOU GENTLEMEN FIGHTIN' OVAH ME?



BUMBAZINE, YOU ARE MY SECOND

YO' SECOND WHUT?

STOP COMPLAININ', POGO—YOU WAS DE ONLY GENTMAN LEFT, DAT'S WHY YOU IS MY SECOND.



YEH, BUT DO A SECOND ALLUS ROW DE BOAT? AN' STOP DRAGGIN' YO' TAIL!

I INNOCENTLY GIT INTO A FRIEN'LY ARGUMENT WITH THAT HOT-BLOODED ALLIGATOR, AN' NOW MY LIFE IS AT STAKE—I'M GOIN' BACK TO MAINE!



WISH AH WASN'T SO QUICK ON DE TRIGGER! HERE AH IS IN A DOOL—YOU KNOW HOW TO FIGHT WIF HORNS, POGO?

AUTOMOBILE, FISH, NEW YEARS, OR CAPE?

WELL, DERE YOU IS—DE MAN SAY HORNS, BUT DO HE SPECIAL-FLY WHUT TYPE? MAN, DEY IS PROBABLE FO-FIVE HUNNERD DIFFRINT KINDS O' HORNS!

YEP, HORNBILL CASEY IS ME—BEEN IN DE HORN BIZNIS FO' THUTTY-SIX YEAR, MAN AN' BOY!



WE COME TO DE RIGHT PLACE FO' HORNS, ALL RIGHT.

AH LOOKS AWFUL GOOD IN DIS ONE, POGO.







AWRIGHT, GENTMINTS-  
40 FEETS APART...  
TURN YOU BACKS AND  
START THE DOOL WHEN  
AH HOLLERS "GO!"

GO!

OH MAN! DE  
BIG DOOL 'BOUT  
SET TO BUST  
WIDE OPEN-  
MM-MMMM!

ROWR! HERE I COME!

BOONSK

BLOW HARDER, AL-  
BERT, YOU ISN'T  
MAKIN' AS MUCH  
NOISE AS A  
TILLY BIRD

BOOO RAWP! ★

CLANK!

OOP!

ULP!

CRASH!

DAT IS UNQUESTIONABLY  
DAT, ALBERT... ALL HE  
NEED NOW IS A SHOE  
HORN FO' EASIN' HISSELF  
OUT OF DERE.

AH IS A BORN  
MUSICIAN-NO TWO  
WAYS 'BOUT IT!

MERCY ME! YOU'RE STUCK  
IN A TUBA, UNCLE ANTLER!

A TUBE OF WHUT?  
I QUITTS-GET ME  
OUT OF HERE!

HELP!

# HECTOR

The  
Henpecked  
Rooster

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FAMOUS  
Studios

OH, FOR MERCY SAKE, HECTOR! ANYONE WOULD THINK THERE WAS AN ANVIL IN THAT LUNCH BASKET THE WAY YOU'RE CARRYING IT!

BESIDES THE ANVIL I THINK THERE'S A BLACKSMITH AND 36,420,986 HORSESHOES IN IT!



DON'T BE SILLY, SILLY! THERE'S NOTHING BUT SANDWICHES IN THAT BASKET. IF WE'RE GOING ON A PICNIC, WE HAVE TO BRING A LUNCH WITH US!



HOW MANY ROCKS DID YOU PUT IN THAT BASKET, PEEP?

NONE! I LOOKED ALL OVER, BUT I COULDN'T FIND ANY AS HEAVY AS MOM'S SANDWICHES!



AH, HERE'S A NICE SPOT BY THE LAKE! GIVE ME THE BASKET, HECTOR!

WHEE!



I-I CAN'T GET OUT OF THIS POSITION... I'M ALL STIFF!

STOP CLOWNING AND GO FOR A WALK WHILE I PREPARE LUNCH!

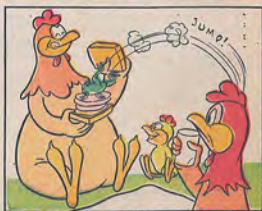


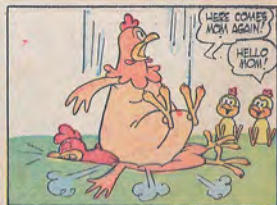
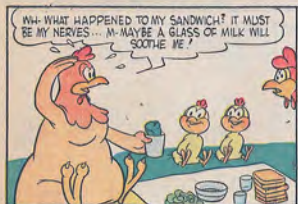
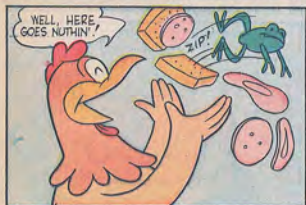
OH... THIS IS TERRIBLE!



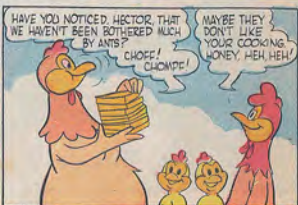
DUNK!

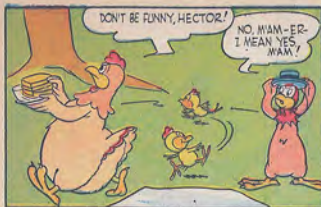


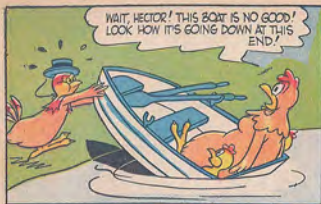






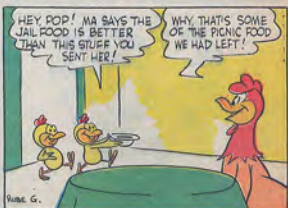
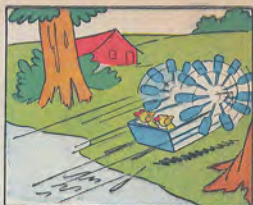


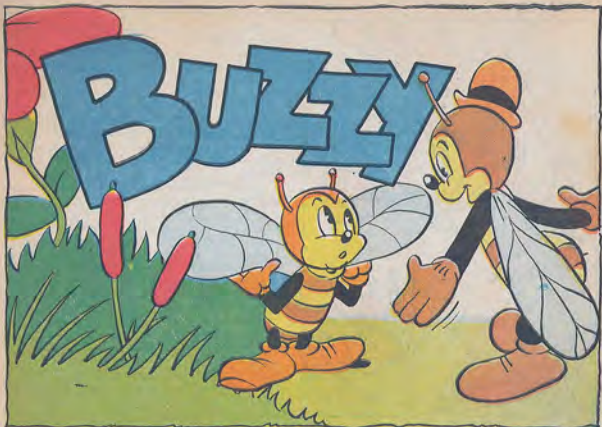












Buzzy was a little baby Bumble Bee. He wore a lovely little brown and yellow jacket made of striped velvet, and he had the most beautiful gossamer wings. He liked his jacket and his wings very much, but he was proudest of all of his Stinger, and before he was old enough to fly, he spent whole days sharpening its point so he would be ready for combat duty.

My, but he was happy when the day came for his solo flight. His mother and father both came along to watch. Bu-z-z-z-z-z-z! Off he went into the air. He zoomed and looped. "This is no trick at all," he thought, and up he went, higher and higher, gaining altitude all the while, until at last he could no longer see the ground. When he suddenly realized how far up he was, oh, what a shock! His little heart started to pound and he forgot to flap his wings. Of course as soon as he stopped moving his wings he went right into a tailspin. Around and around he went, falling faster and faster! He shut his eyes tight and prepared for the worst.

Just when things seemed the blackest he heard a familiar buz-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z and then his father's voice: "Move your wings, son. You can pull out of this." He opened his eyes and there was his father flying right along beside him!

He felt so glad that he flapped his wings and everything was suddenly quite all right. "Follow me in," said his dad. So Buzzy flew

close behind and did everything his father did until they started in for a landing; then he forgot to put down his feet.

"Drop your feet," his mother called, but Buzzy didn't hear her and came skidding in right on his stomach. They had to get out the first aid kit and put a bandage around Buzzy's tummy. However, there wasn't much damage done, for Buzzy was soon flying about just as good as new, only now he was very careful not to stop moving his wings in the air and to use his feet when landing.

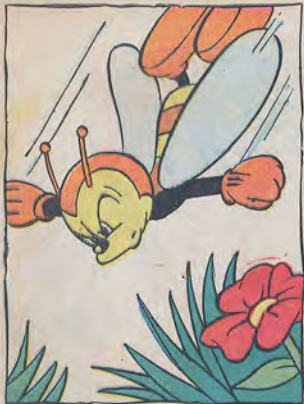
One day after he had put in a few hours flying time and had made a fine three-point landing, his father called him in and said, "I saw that landing, Buzzy, and it was perfect. Do you think you are ready to bring in a load of honey by yourself now?"

"Oh, boy, am I!" shouted Buzzy. "When do I start?"

"Tomorrow at daybreak," his father said. "I won't give you too hard an assignment because it's your first!"

Long before dawn, Buzzy was down at the field waiting for orders. And even after he had taken off, he could hardly believe it was true, that he really was off on a solo mission.

Pretty soon, he saw his objective . . . a sweet-smelling honeysuckle vine. Quick as a wink, he dropped into a power dive and came in dead on center just as though he were a veteran. He filled up his honey sacks without wasting



"Don't let me catch you near those roses," the Beetle shouted.

"Ha! ha!" scoffed Buzzy, "You couldn't catch me! How can you watch the honeysuckle vine and the rose trellis both at the same time . . . and besides you seem to be kind of stupid, most people would look after their most valuable bush first! My brother is over there now getting a lot of honey from those roses!" This wasn't exactly a fib, even though Buzzy didn't have a brother, because it was a trick on the Beetle.

"A-ha," snorted the Beetle, "I'll fix him," and he started to scurry down the vine. To do this, of course, he had to take his foot off of Buzzy's wing. As soon as he was free, Buzzy soared off into the air. He circled a couple of times to get his bearings, and then he pointed his Stinger at his target and started down. He dropped into a glide so the Beetle couldn't hear his buz-z-z-z-z-z-z-ing. He took one last aim and then, bulls-eye! . . . he came in dead on target . . . and that Beetle got stung where he'll remember it for a long time!

"Ho hum," said Buzzy, just as though he saw combat duty every day, and zoomed upward. He took his choice of honey; then he flew home just as though nothing to speak of had happened.

But I have heard he now wears the Distinguished Flying Cross that the Queen Bee gave him, pinned to his little velvet jacket and that he struts about in a very grand manner.

a single moment and was just about to take off when a heavy foot came down on his lovely wing.

"Where do you think you're going, Bud?" came a loud voice from behind him.

"Huh!" said Buzzy as he looked right into the face of a very large black beetle.

"Put it back, Bud," said the loathsome creature. "This is my vine and all the honey belongs to me!"

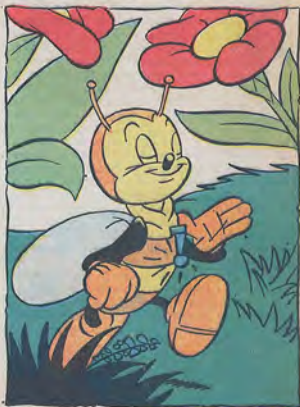
"No, it isn't," Buzzy said firmly. "You can't have a vine all to yourself."

"Who says I can't?" demanded the Beetle, and he took Buzzy by the back of the neck and shook him about, without taking his foot off Buzzy's wing, so you can imagine it hurt Buzzy quite a bit. "Ouch," thought Buzzy, "I must get his foot off my beautiful wing."

He thought and thought and suddenly . . . Pop! . . . he had an idea. "All right," he said to the Beetle. "I don't mind putting it back. I just stopped here for a snack anyway. I'm on my way to the huge rose trellis that was just planted in this garden yesterday!"

"You can't take anything off that, either," said the Beetle. "Everything in this garden is mine. Where is the rose trellis located?"

"On the other side of the house," Buzzy answered. Of course you and I and Buzzy know there was no rose trellis at all, for if there had been, Buzzy would have been there instead of in the honeysuckle. But the Beetle believed him!



# LION DOG



*In the woodshed of Old Bert Decker's sheep ranch, Red Dawn, the collie, plays with Chief, her month-old son.*



*Come, old girl, you can leave your precious young-un long enough to eat breakfast, I reckon... He can have his ANY time!*

*Yip-yip!*



*Chief will be a fine dog, Dawn, if you don't baby him to death. He can pretty near take care of himself right now.*



*But Chief is a great dog already, to his own thinking, and the world is a great place to explore.*



*A wild duck, swimming near the river bank, eyes him suspiciously.*



*Quack, quack!*

*Yip-yi!*



*Scared but swimming by instinct, Chief keeps his nose above water.*

*The bank crumbles suddenly beneath Chief's clumsy feet.*



## LION DOG



Chilled through, he crawls out onto a tiny beach, far downstream.



After a short rest he shakes off some of the water.



And toils up the steep, rocky bank.



On a sun-warmed ledge he falls asleep, never noticing the dark cave mouth behind him.



But the two cougar kittens are not long in discovering Chief.



Playfully, one of them pounces on the puppy's white-tipped tail.



Yike!



Seeing two awkward, fuzzy creatures of his own size, Chief thrills.  
**NEW PLAYMATES!**

Soon kittens and puppy are tumbling about in a friendly wrestling bout.



Tiring of that they enter the cave together.

An hour later the old she-cougar arrives. The faint smell of Dog alarms her.



Uneasily she sniffs at the sleeping youngsters. Her kittens smell like dog and the puppy smells like cougar.



Giving up the puzzle she washes all three of them thoroughly.



Dinner seals Chief's adoption into the cougar family.



Tree-climbing school follows—with the mother cougar as school-mistress.

LION DOG



The kittens catch on easily, but Chief stays at the bottom of the class.



In the dry leaves the pup hears a rustling.



A CHIPMUNK!



Into his burrow the chippy dives with an insulting chirp.

Chirrrrp!



Chief somersaults, unable to stop.



But his temper is up. His fore-paws make the dirt fly, enlarging the chipmunk hole.



Victory-by the tail!



LION DOG



The kittens stare in envy, the mother in delight, at her clever adopted son.



The chippy is the least pleased—and shows it.



The minute Chief drops him, Chippy jumps straight at the startled pup.



It works! Scared by the little fellow's fury, Chief sneaks back to the den.



The next day, the she-cougar takes her young ones on their first hunting trip.



At the rim of a valley, she halts.. Strangers have come!

A sheep herder's white wagon follows a flock of woolies into the deep ravine.





## LION DOG



Whoa-up! I reckon we'll camp here for a few days, Red Dawn.

On the wagon seat, Old Bert Decker reins in.



Don't see no eagle nests on the rim... Hold on, COUGARS!

Clear in the telescope's lens appear the three cats—AND little Chief!



Dawn, old girl, if I'm not seein' things, we've located your lost pup! And we'll catch him, too!



I've heard of cougars adoptin' other critters, but this beats all!



At the top of the cliff, Red Dawn sniffs the cougar's trail—and her puppy's!



Hurrying homeward, the mother cougar hears Dawn's excited yelp.



She breaks into a gallop; her young ones at her heels.

LION DOG



At the brink of a ten foot chasm she stops..  
A tree makes a bridge that only a cat can use.

The kittens  
remember their  
climbing lessons  
well—the mother  
eyes Chief  
anxiously.



At a warning MEW from the old  
cat, the youngsters leap to safety.



But Chief hangs back in  
spite of a sharp slap.



Out of the bushes bursts Red Down..



...And then Bert Decker.

# LION DOG



*In despair, the old she-cougar leaps the chasm, leaving Chief to his fate.*



*Wonderingly, Chief looks down at Red Dawn...Something about her is strangely familiar.*



*Ha, ha! He thinks he's a cougar for sure after all these weeks—don't you, Chief?*



*Here's your baby, Dawn! He remembers you—but he's kind of mixed up*

*Yip!*

*I'll carry the little tyke back. He'll forget pretty soon that he ever was a cat.*

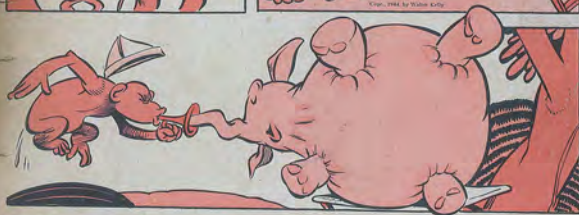


*In the old familiar puppy basket Chief is once more himself—but one queer habit remains.*



*Wetting one paw with his tongue, he scrubs his face clean—just like a cat.*

# MONKEY BIZ





# elephunnies



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